Ways of Life.

When Fortune smiles its sweetest smirk
And Favor slaps us on the back,
When Fame's steep hill seems easy work,
And pleasures decorate the track
Along our rose-strewn youthful route
Life plays upon a cheerful lute—
When we are young.

When care has bent the weary frame
And Trouble marked the wrinkled brow,
When we must live, tho' halt and lame,
We sadly think of then and now.
When friends are scarce and dollars few
Life shows a very different view—
When we are old.

When death shall enter at our door
And grimly serve his summons bold,
When we shall suffer pain no more
And Mother Earth our form shall fold,
Ah! then will be our battle won
And brighter life but just begun—
When we are dead.

—[George E. Bowen, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

LOVE AND PRIDE.

Cecil and I were sitting in the big chair by the fire in the warm, dimly-lighted library. Just after dinner he had brought me here to tell him a story. Cecil was a spoiled child. We all recognized that fact, but as we had conspired to spoil him we could not blame him for insisting upon the privileges we had so unwisely accorded. Thus it came about that I was spending my evening here while the others amused themselves in the distant parlor.

"What shall it be?" I asked, prepared to thrill my small hearer with some wondrous tale.

"Anything," he said, drawing my arm about him. "You know so many, Dorothy."

"Anything," was very vague, but after hard thinking some impulse prompted me to tell him the story of Baldur, Baldur the god. I was not sure that he would like it, but he did. The little face grew flushed and earnest; he leaned forward, his eyes eager and shining as I told of the great deeds of the god and everyone's love for him. And when I came to Loki, describing his treachery and cunning, the scorn and anger on Cecil's face almost made me laugh. I finished with the grand funeral ship sailing out over the waters while the warriors mourned on the shore and he sank back with a deep sigh.

"Don't you like my story?" I asked, as he did not speak.

"Oh, yes, it is the best of them all!" Suddenly, after another silence. "Dorothy, are there any such men now?"

"No, dear, but there are good ones still," I answered dreamily, thinking of some lives I knew, not godlike, but so truly noble in the face of bitter circumstances.

He was very quiet after that, nestling cozily in my arms with his eyes on the fire, the little head full of thought.

"Dorothy," he said at last, "isn't Dr. Harcourt noble and brave?"

I felt the color flash to my face.

"I don't know, Cecil; I thought so once, but lately he has not acted very bravely."

"Why not, Dorothy?"

"Oh, I can't tell exactly—he is fighting a chimera and is allowing it to master him."

I spoke dreamily and to myself rather than to the child. At that moment, before he could ask any more questions, the door bell rang. I heard my sister Helen's voice, then the closing of the parlor door and all was still again; but a moment later there came a tap at the library door and Dr. Harcourt opened it and came in. The light was too dim for him to see us till I laughed and said:

"Good evening."

"What are you doing here in the dark?" he asked, coming over to the fire. "Has she been telling you ghost stories Cecil?"

"No," scornfully, "I don't like ghost stories; Dorothy never tells them."

"I have been leading him 'through old mythologies gravely sweet,'" I explained as Dr. Harcourt sat down opposite us.

"Dreaming, as usual," he laughed. "I wonder if you will ever come down to practical life, Dorothy?"

Cecil lost his support then, for I drew myself upright; it was not pleasant to be called a dreamer, especially when I fancied myself growing so sternly practical.

"Have I made another blunder?" smiling at my angry face. "You must pardon my prosaic view of things." Then, his tone changing suddenly, "Helen tells me you have been out today."

"Yes."

But here Cecil interrupted; slipping down from my side he went over to the doctor's chair and climbed on his knee.

Something sent my thoughts back to the time, three years ago, when I had had an art craze, and this friend had patiently shown me all the treasures accessible to the public in the city.

We did not live in the grand house then, but in a small one on an old-fashioned street. There were five of us Brandons, Jack, Nan, Helen, Cecil and I, Dorothy, a large family to support on the very modest income mother derived from the property papa left her. Jack had been expected to follow papa's footsteps and study for the ministry, but the life was not suited to his pushing, energetic nature. Poor Jack! He had a hard struggle to bring mamma around to his way of thinking, but by-and-by she was forced to yield and allow him to abandon the idea of a professional career altogether.

He had a great scheme for making his fortune in the West, but it required capital, and we had very little of that. Nevertheless, Jack would not give up; the idea was a good one, and sooner or later he could make it work, he declared.

The two other girls, Nan and Helen, had their own congenial tastes and pursuits, and I—Dorothy—had my separate life. I read and studied, dreamed and planned, as every girl will do, laughed at generally practical Jack and the girls, but always helped and encouraged by Jack's friend, Philip Harcourt.

It was strange that such a strong friendship should have grown between us two, for Philip was much older than I, practical, sensible man, and I was only Dorothy, the dreamer, as they called me, a queer mixture of sense and nonsense, childish impulsiveness and girlish fancies. Yet he always sympathized with me, always drew me on to tell him all my fancies. He was Dorothy's friend truly—in those days before the change which altered all our lives.

Mamma's uncle, an old man who hated my father because he was a clergyman, "a creature of ideals, with no practical ability," as he characterized him, and who, since papa's death, had paid very little attention to us, died and left his entire fortune to me—to me, Dorothy Brandon.

Why not to Jack, who needed it so much? Why impose such a crushing responsibility upon me? It was strange to find myself risen from insignificant Dorothy to a person of substance, and I confess that at first I felt miserably nervous and frightened, instead of pleased at the prospect of my good fortune. It was useless to attempt to shift any of the weight of responsibility to Jack's shoulders, for beyond a moderate sum to enable him to develop his cherished schemes he would have nothing to do with my money.

But mamma and the girls were radiantly happy. They didn't feel their dignity impaired, as Jack did, because the money happened to be left to me, and when mamma saw my perplexity she wisely undertook to help her burdened daughter.

But another thing troubled me greatly. Philip was so changed. The first time he called after the funeral I was alone in the parlor and ran to him at once, expecting help and sympathy as usual, but the moment I met his eyes full knowledge of the change in him and its cause flashed upon me. Another knowledge came as quickly—knowledge that gave me exquisite pleasure and quick, keen pain, that tied my tongue and made me for the first time in my life shy and constrained with him. All at once I knew the true meaning of our friendship. He was not my friend but my lover, and now this wretched money was to come between us. When I was poor he had meant to win me; now that I was rich he would not take advantage of my girlish liking, but would leave me free.

And what could I do? Nothing; only wait in silence while every day we drifted further away.

I grew nervous and irritable with the long strain; it told upon my health, too, and just before Christmas a severe cold, combining with the nervous anxiety of the last few months, made me really ill. For a day or two I dragged myself about refusing my mother's entreaties to see the doctor; all the time I hoped he would come without being summoned.

One afternoon I was lying on a couch in the library, wrapped in shawls, with my aching head buried in the pillow, when someone opened the door and came in. All the color left my face in the intense joy of seeing him. I know how my eyes were shining and the revelation my face was making—knew this because I saw the reflection of it in his. I saw his momentary struggle with himself, with his pride, and then my conquest.

"Poor Dorothy!" he said gently. "Poor little girl! We cannot have you ill."

We were just the old friends again after this, with perhaps a shade of difference, but of that I would not think. The happiness of the present was enough for me; the future could wait. This afternoon I felt so strong that I had ventured to go out for the first time since my illness.

Wrapped in thought I had been quite oblivious of the other two on the other side of the fire, but now with a guilty start I remembered Philip. I wondered if he had noticed my strange silence. Evidently not, for he and Cecil seemed engrossed in each other.

"And so Dorothy does not think me a brave man?" Philip was saying. "And why?"

My heart gave a quick throb of dismay and shame. I started forward to check the child's answer; but it was too late.

"She says you are fighting a chimera," said Cecil. "What is a chimera, Dr. Harcourt?"

"It is something that runs away with the happiness of silly people,' said Philip, after a short pause; and then there was a long, long silence.

At last I stole a glance at Philip. Cecil was fast asleep, his head on the doctor's shoulder, his yellow curls shining like gold in the firelight. But he was not looking at the child; his eyes were fixed on my face with a look that thrilled me; it was so different from any I had ever received from him before, triumphant and tender, strong and masterful.

Avoiding his eyes I hurriedly took the child from his arms. My hands were trembling, but I carried him to a sofa. This certainty of Philip's love had completely unnerved me and I could not encounter his glance again.

"Dorothy!" He came over to the sofa and stood before me, but I did not lift my eyes. "Dorothy?" he said again, and this time he moved a step nearer.

With a half sob of gladness I stretched out my hands blindly and he drew me into his arms.

"My darling!" he answered, thankfully. "My wife!"—[Waverly Magazine.

The German Canary Industry.

According to a report of United States Consular Clerk Murphy of Berlin, about two-thirds of the 100,000 canary birds exported annually from Germany to the United States are imported by a German resident of New York, whose German home is at Ashfeld, in the province of Hanover, whither the birds are brought from all parts of Germany. At Bramlage, in the Harz, this man has a factory which is capable of turning out every day the material for 1000 bird cages. This material is given out to the peasants, who make the cages at home. From Ashfeld the birds are shipped to New York, via Bremen, accompanied by attendants. Each attendant has under his care about one thousand birds, each in its own wooden cage. As each bird must be fed and cared for regularly, the attendants are kept busily employed. One of these attendants has already crossed the ocean more than one hundred times in charge of birds. There are thirty of such employes. The New York house disposes of these birds—the finest among them being the Andreasberger Harz canary—in New Orleans, Charleston, San Francisco and other American cities, as well as in Canada. Moreover, buyers are sent throughout the United States to obtain American birds and animals, and also to Mexico and Cuba for parrots. These are brought to Germany by the canary attendants upon their return. In this manner this same person annually imports into Germany from the United States about 5000 Virginia cardinal birds (redbirds), 3000 nonpareils, 2000 indigo birds and 500 mocking birds.

Samoans Love to Sing.

The love of song is found everywhere prevalent among the Samoans. With these merry and pleasure-loving people song, according to Robert Louis Stevenson, is almost ceaseless. "The boatman sings at his oar, the family at evening worship, the girls at night in the guest house; sometimes the workman at his toil. No occasion is too small for the poets and musicians; a death, a visit, the day's news, the day's pleasantry will be set to rhyme and harmony. Even the half-grown girls train choruses of children for festal celebrations."

A Way Out.

"What can I do for my little boy," asked mamma, "so that he won't want to eat between meals?"

"Have the meals flicker together," replied the young gourmand.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN

KENESAW MOUNTAIN.

An Iowa Man Who Wants to Know Who Commanded on His Part of the Line.

I desire to relate a few incidents that came under my observation in the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, June 27, 1864. I have read several accounts as to the time the battle opened, some placing it as late as 9 a. m., others an hour earlier. My recollection is that on the part of the line where I was (nearly to the extreme right) the order to advance was given but little after sunrise. The regiment to which I belonged (4th Iowa, First Brigade, First Division, Fifteenth Corps) was ordered to take position in our outer line of skirmish-pits just at break of day, which we did, and at the same time received orders to advance on the enemy's works at the sound of the bugle. Now, it seemed to me to be a very short time from the time we occupied the skirmish-pits until the bugle sounded forward. I think the time could not have been later than 7 o'clock a. m. We were stationed in an open field, facing nearly due east, and probably 300 yards from the rebel works. Between ours and the rebel works, and about two-thirds of the distance to them (the rebel works), was a small stream with some timber and a good deal of underbrush. The enemy's works (first line) was just at the edge of the timber on the east side of the creek. Their main line was on the crest of the hill some distance back. From our line to the creek was moderately-sloping ground. (This position was to the right of the mountain.)

When the bugle sounded we started on the run to reach the cover of the timber. As soon as we left our works the rebels opened fire on us with cannon and musketry, our cannon meantime firing over our heads. We reached the timber with but small loss, and up to this time we had not fired a shot. Upon reaching the timber we began firing and continued advancing and drove the rebels from their two advance lines of rifle-pits, and sent them flying up the hill to their main line; but our success was of short duration, for we had just got comfortably settled in our new quarters waiting for more help when I chanced to look to my right a short distance, and saw a column of Johnnies eight deep marching right up the lines of works we were in, driving all before them.

The writer also began to look up a line of retreat. To my left and rear, some little distance, I saw a large oak tree, but did not see a deep gully which lay between me and the tree, and into which I went head first, and my musket muzzle down in the mud. I pulled myself out, also my gun, but cast the gun to one side and picked up another which some soldier had lost. I gained the tree in safety and, upon looking around for my friends, the enemy, I found they had in turn been attacked and driven back; but they returned to the charge and our troops were compelled to fall back again, which about ended the fighting at that point. There was still heavy fighting to our left, as firing was quite heavy at times. Reports had been reaching us for some time through the wounded and stragglers that our troops were being worsted in their attack on the mountain. I worked my way back to the position we occupied in the morning in our main line. There was one thing that I have not been able to account for as far as our part of the line was concerned, and that is this: I did not see an officer above the rank of Captain during the battle, and do not know who had charge of that part of the line. Each soldier seemed to be fighting on his own hook. I should be pleased to hear from some others who were on that part of the line.—W. H. Booth in National Tribune.

AMMUNITION.

Two Instances Where Soldiers Believed They Would be Killed.

At the risk of being classed with the "unsophisticated," I desire to say that on the morning of Sept. 17, 1862, at the battle of Antietam, as the command was about to move from the field where we had lain under the fire of rebel batteries all day of the 16th, my attention was called to Private Isaac P. Hopkins, who had been ailing for several days' but who would not give up. He was clearly unfit for duty, and was ordered to remain behind. "No," he said; "I would rather die than be called a coward; but I know very well I am going to be killed to-day."

He was the only man of his company who died on the field that day, though many were wounded, mortally and otherwise.

Another case in point. My chum was Aaron C. Jenkins, as cool and as brave a boy as was ever under fire. We shared each other's confidence, as well as blankets and rations. On the morning of May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, the regiment was in line near the Plank road, where the Eleventh Corps had fallen back the previous evening, apparently waiting orders. Brigade after brigade of our troops had been successively driven back through the woods, when I noticed Aaron out of ranks sitting on a pile of old rails. His attitude and demeanor betokened deep thought. Approaching him, and with a familiar slap on the back, I asked him if his girl had got married. "No," he said quietly, "but this is my last battle. I know I will be killed to-day."

Ten minutes latter Gen. Carroll led us into that woods; a volley was fired and a charge was ordered, and within 30 minutes that woods was cleared of Johnnies, breastworks and all, panning out 303 prisoners. Aaron C. Jenkins was the only man of his company who lost his life that day. There is no ground for presuming that all or any considerable proportion of soldiers about to meet the enemy are troubled with a premonition of disaster, much less men like the two I have named, who, their surviving comrades will testify, were absolutely without fear in action, and always ready for duty.—Frank L. Hicks, in National Tribune.

Equanimity.

Equanimity or evenness of disposition is frequently assumed to be a mere absence of strong feeling or excitability, and to betoken somewhat of apathy, or, at least, indifference to stirring concerns of life to its hopes and fears, its longing and terrors, its aspirations and enthusiasms. It is true there is an innate insensibility that never gives ways to outbreaks of any kind, simply because it is too dull to be aroused; but this differs as widely from true equanimity as the silence of intense watchfulness. There is, too, an artificial stoicism, which is simply the crushing out of all natural desires, the toning down of all vivacity the suppression of impulses, the deadening of emotion. True equanimity, so far from being any such weak and puerile negation as this, is, in fact, the fruit of combined forces. Earnest desires controlled by a strong will, powerful passions curbed by intrepid resolution, ardent enthusiasm guided by firm wisdom, manly energy steadied by a resolute purpose, warm impulses directed by unwavering principles—these are the materials out of which an equanimity worthy of the name is fashioned.

MARKETS.

PITTSBURG.

THE WHOLESALE PRICES ARE GIVEN BELOW.

GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED.			
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	$ 76	@ $	77
No. 3 Red	74		75
CORN—No. 2 Yellow ear	57		58
High Mixed ear	55		57
Mixed ear	54		55
Shelled Mixed	52		53
OATS—No. 1 White	39		40
No. 2 White	38		39
No. 3 White	37		38
Mixed	35		36
RYE—No. 1 Pa & Ohio	65		66
No. 2 Western, New	63		64
FLOUR—Fancy winter pat			4 85
Fancy Spring patents	4 60		5 00
Fancy Straight winter	4 20		4 35
XXX Bakers	3 50		3 75
Rye Flour	4 00		4 25
HAY—Baled No. 1 Tim'y	13 50		14 00
Baled No. 2 Timothy	11 00		12 00
Mixed Clover	11 00		12 00
Timothy from country	16 00		18 00
STRAW—Wheat	6 50		
Oats	7 50		8 00
FEED—No. 1 W'h Md ₱ T	19 00		20 00
Brown Middlings	17 00		18 00
Bran	15 50		16 00
Chop	14 50		18 00
DAIRY PRODUCTS.			
BUTTER—Elgin Creamery	28		30
Fancy Creamery	24		26
Fancy country roll	20		22
Choice country roll	12		14
Low grade & cooking	6		10
CHEESE—O New cr'm mild	10		11
New York Goshen	10		11
Wisconsin Swiss bricks	14		15
Wisconsin Sweitzer	13		14
Limburger	12		13
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.			
APPLES—Fancy, ₱ bbl	2 00		2 50
Fair to choice, ₱ bbl	1 50		2 00
BEANS—Select, ₱ bu	1 90		2 00
Pa & O Beans, ₱ bbl	1 60		1 70
Lima Beans	3		4
ONIONS—			
Yellow danvers ₱ bbl	2 50		2 75
Yellow onion, ₱ bbl	1 90		2 00
Spanish, ₱ crate	1 25		1 40
CABBAGE—New ₱ crate	75		1 00
POTATOES—			
Fancy Rose per bbl			2 25
Choice Rose per bbl	1 50		1 75
POULTRY ETC.			
DRESSED CHICKENS—			
₱ lb	13		14
Dressed ducks ₱ lb	12		13
Dressed turkeys ₱ lb	17		18
LIVE CHICKENS—			
Live Spring chickens ₱ pr	50		60
Live Ducks ₱ pr	40		50
Live Geese ₱ pr	70		75
Live Turkeys ₱ lb	13		14
EGGS—Pa & Ohio fresh	19		20
FEATHERS—			
Extra live Geese ₱ lb	50		60
No 1 Extra live geese ₱ lb	48		50
Mixed	25		35
MISCELLANIOUS.			
TALLOW—Country, ₱ lb	4		
City	5		
SEEDS—West Med'm clo'er	7 25		
Mammoth Clover	7 50		
Timothy prime	1 90		
Timothy choice	1 85		
Blue grass	2 00		2 25
Orchard grass	1 75		
Millet	1 00		
Buckwheat	1 40		1 50
RAGS—Country mixed	1		
HONEY—White clover	17		19
Buckwheat	12		15

CINCINNATI.

FLOUR—	$3 25	@ $	3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	72		73
RYE—No. 2	62		
CORN—Mixed	50		51
OATS	33		35
EGGS	15		16
BUTTER	18		20

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—	$4 15	@ $	4 75
WHEAT—New No. 2 Red	74		75
CORN—No. 2, Mixed			58
OATS—No. 2, White	38		40
BUTTER—Creamery Extra	20		23
EGGS—Pa. Firsts			22

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Patents	5 60		6 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	77		78
RYE—Western	64		67
CORN—Ungraded Mixed	54		58
OATS—Mixed Western	38		39
BUTTER—Creamery	15		22
EGGS—State and Penn	16		18

LIVE-STOCK REPORT.

EAST LIBERTY, PITTSBURG STOCK YARDS.

CATTLE.			
Prime Steers	$ 4 50	to	4 75
Fair to Good	4 00	to	4 25
Common	3 50	to	3 75
Bulls and dry cows	1 50	to	3 25
Veal Calves	5 50	to	6 25
Heavy rough calves	2 50	to	3 50
Fresh cows, per head	20 00	to	50 00
SHEEP.			
Prime 95 to 100-lb sheep	$ 4 85	to	5 00
Common 70 to 75 lb sheep	3 00	to	3 50
Lambs	5 00	to	5 25
HOGS.			
Philadelphia hogs	$ 5 40	to	5 60
Corn Yorkers	5 30	to	5 40
Roughs	3 50	to	4 00

PENNSYLVANIA PICKINGS.

SOME IMPORTANT HAPPENINGS!

Of Interest to Dwellers in the Keystone State.

A LONG TERM FOR HAVERS.

In the Pittsburg Criminal Court, Charles Havers, who escaped from the work house, had seven indictments against him—four for burglary, one for escape, one for assaulting Keeper Eberhart, and one for robbing him. To all of these Havers pleaded guilty. Judge Kennedy sentenced Havers five years to the penitentiary for the assault, three years each on the four charges of burglary, and two years for the escape, followed by two years to the work house on the larceny charge. This made a total of 19 years to the penitentiary, and two years to the workhouse follow. As Havers still has two years and three months of his old sentence to serve in the work house, he has before him a total of 23 years and three months' imprisonment.

A MURDER OVER SULLIVAN AND CORBETT.

A murder occurred at Latimer as a result of a dispute growing out of the Sullivan-Corbett fight. The victim was Anthony Weeds, a miner, who discussed the merits of the fight with George Warwick, another miner. Bad blood resulted and the men parted to meet a short time later, when Weed accused Warwick of stealing his shovel. Warwick picked up an iron bar and struck his accuser to the ground, where the injured man died soon after. Warwick has fled.

SEVEN KILLED IN A COLLISION.

A work train collided with a passenger train on the New Clearfield and Cambria railroad, in a deep cut near Rekenrod's mill. Both engines and a number of cars were piled in a frightful wreck. Engineer C. W. Terry and fireman L. Parrish, of the passenger, were killed instantly, being buried beneath the engine. Five of the crew of the work train, Italians and Swedes, whose names were unknown, were killed and three injured. Engineer Terry was from Altoona, and Parish from Gallitzin.

FROST IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Pine Grove, Tremont, Tower City and various other points and towns along the Blue mountains reported a slight frost Saturday night. The thermometer fell to 32° and overcoats were comfortable. Various points in the Blue Mountain region of Pennsylvania report slight frosts on Thursday morning. For several mornings the ground in the vicinity of Huntingdon, Pa., has been covered with frost, and crops, and especially corn, has been seriously injured.

A WONDERFULLY SMALL BABY.

One of the smallest infants on record was born at Port Providence, Upper Providence township, the other day. The mother is Mrs. George Geary and the infant weighs but one and one-half pounds. The child is only eight inches in length and can easily lie in the palm of a man's hand. It is dressed in small doll's clothing and carried around on a pillow. The child is fully formed and has a luxuriant head of hair. It attracts much attention and the neighbors for miles around are visiting the house.

CAUGHT TYPHOID AT HOMESTEAD.

August Raab, private in Company B, Eighth Regiment, National Guards of Pennsylvania, died at Tamaqua of typhoid fever, contracted while serving with his company at Homestead. Eight other members of the same company are afflicted with the disease, and it is thought several of them will not recover.

DIED OF HICCOUGHS.

At New Bloomfield, Jacob B. Swartz was attacked with hiccoughing ten days ago, and, not withstanding the efforts of three of the best physicians in the vicinity, he could obtain no relief. Ether, morphine and a powerful battery only alleviated his sufferings temporarily, and on Friday morning he died. He was of very robust physique and about 38 years of age.

GOVERNOR PATTISON'S PROCLAMATION.

Governor Pattison has issued a proclamation recommending to authorities, charged with the protection of the health and lives of their respective communities, the utmost promptness and energy in placing their towns in a state of sanitary defense and requesting the citizens of such towns to yield cheerful obedience to the orders of such authorities.

MUCH BICYCLING KILLED HIM.

Frederick Schardt, the young son of William B. Schardt, of Hawley, was found in a shed in an unconscious condition. Close beside him lay his bicycle, on which he had started from home but half an hour before. He died within an hour after being found. Exhaustion from bicycle riding is supposed to have caused his death.

SENTENCED TO AN HOUR IN CHURCH.

Mayor Nichols, of Wilkesbarre doesn't believe in sending drunken men to jail if there is any way of reforming them. The other day instead of sentencing John Underwood and Louis Gibberish to prison for thirty days on the charge of drunkeness he sentenced them to one hour in church.

BET ON SULLIVAN AND DIED.

Thomas Rooney, of Plymouth, having lost all his money and property on the result of the Sullivan-Corbett fight, committed suicide by taking poison.

At West Warren, Washington county, Samuel Hickman and Abijah Tustin, while preparing for a hunting expedition, met with a fatal accident. While Tustin was coming out of the house the wind blew the door shut, striking the gun in Tustin's hands and discharging it. Hickman, standing near by, received the contents of the gun and died in five minutes. The Coroner's jury exonerated Tustin from all blame.

At Reading, the Mohn Brothers' wool hat factory, with all its valuable machinery and a large amount of finished and unfinished goods were burned. Loss, $65,000; insurance, about half.

Thomas Spires, the Jeannette policeman who was discharged from the force at the request of Secretary of State Foster for tearing down the French flag last Decoration day, was on Tuesday re-elected to his old position.

A bogus horse doctor has skipped from Washington, where he was under $300 bail for malpractice in killing a valuable horse belonging to Charles Spriggs. He is wanted in various Ohio towns for similar offenses.

A fool thinks he is right because he can't see very far.